

nations provided they apply sub-
the interests of the holy see. Ca-
l's conduct would seem extrava-
gant another country, but at Rome he
arrived and flourished. He became
viceroy of the inquisition and of the
Inquisition, and in 1826, he received a
hat.

ie barber was not forgotten by his
nate patron. He continued to per-
his office about his person, and
he saw the red cap upon the head
pellari, he repeated with more as-
ice than ever: "When you shall
ope, I will still be your barber."—
he last step in the ascent remained
taken, and it was not the easiest.
could Capellari, who had never held
great diplomatic office, who was
ly unknown out of Rome, how
this prodding theologian, who had
led much, no doubt, but whose books
full of old women's fables, how, I
could he obtain the triple crown?
e already given you the solution
is problem. Cardinal Capellari was
inted because he had no superior
t. It is easier to imagine than to
ibe the joy, the transport, the ex-
of the barber Gaetano, when he
his prediction fully filled. He was
st, as he had said so many times;
d to the honor of being the Pope's
er.

accordingly, when Gregory XVI.
installed in the palace of the Vati-
Gaetano, with his wife and chil-
, occupied splendid apartments in
very dwelling of the holy father.
barber was appointed *cameriere*,
ant of the bedchamber): he receiv-
the respectful homage of the bishops
other ecclesiastical dignitaries, who
re had paid him no attention. He
loaded with riches by the Pope's
fiscence. A journal affirms that
anno now owns several domains of
ns, counts and marquises. He is
ome, indeed, the most influential
in Rome.

gregory XVI., naturally timid, ex-
iging suddenly the quiet life of a
k for the noise, intrigues and per-
ties of his government, sought for
vorite, a confident in Gaetano, and
arted to him all his thoughts. Af-
iguring in public and pompous cere-
ties, or delivering a speech in the
ce of Cardinals, he seeks at night
family of the barber, to rest from
fatigue and taste the sweets of do-
tic life. Gaetano seems to be a
of good sense, who has not become
ly by his great fortune. He is the
ident of the Pope in all his difficul-

How shameful for intelligent beings to
prostrate themselves before feeble old
men, who himself under submission to
an obscure household servant! Let us
thank God that we, Protestants, ac-
knowledge no other authority than that
of the Lord and his holy Word!

Cure of Millerism.

We know not when we have seen a
method of argumentation which pleased
us better, for its adaptedness to the sub-
ject to be convinced, than did the fol-
lowing, related by Rev. A. Bennet, in a
communication to the N. Y. Baptist
Register, dated at Newport, N. H.—
The lady spoken of is a woman for the
times, and deserves a doctorate for the
originality and efficacy of her prescrip-
tion for a hurtful malady—*Ch. Mirror.*

"Some of our honest friends in these
parts, who were looking for the king-
dom of God to immediately appear,
concluded, as it did not come in 1843,
that the earth might not be cultivated
any more, and therefore ceased to work;
and the select-men of the town have in
some instances caused their farms to be
tilled. One of these mistaken brethren
said to his wife, "I am resolved to work
no more; I think it wrong to gather
any more of the fruits of the earth."—
The next morning he arose and walked
abroad to meditate. Returning he asked
his wife if she had breakfast ready.
She said, "No." "But," he asked,
"are you not going to get any?" She
answered, "No; for," said she, "you
say it is not your duty to work, and if
it is not your duty, it is not mine; and
if the fruits of the earth may not be gath-
ered in, they may not be cooked after
they are gathered. I am resolved to
submit with you to the will of God, and
abide the consequences." He walked
out again, and after a while he return-
ed and said to his wife, "If you will go
and get me some breakfast, I will go to work."

A Man Overboard!

The following incident was related to the
writer by a veteran East India captain:—

One day, towards evening, as the ves-
sel was running about five knots an hour,
the appalling cry was suddenly heard—
"A man overboard!" Instantly every
effort was made to lay the ship to—a
boat was lowered, and several stout
hands and bold hearts were embarked
in her, and pulling astern with all their
might, in quest of their lost shipmate.
The general concern and anxiety for
his recovery was greatly increased when

occurred sin and go, and the Lord to
us, during the almighty Captain of our
salvation, looking abroad for those who
are willing to be rescued from the deep.
O let your hand and voice be lifted up
to Him for help!—Cry to Him from the
deep, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on
me!—Lord, save me! I perish!—O take
me, draw me, weak, fainting as I am,
out of these floods of guilt and temptation—
place me in safety by thy side!—
Let me make with thee the voyage of
life, and enter with thee the port of eter-
nal rest, and spend eternity with thee,
on the blissful shores of the heavenly
Canaan!"—*N. York Ch. Int.*

The recent departure of the much-loved pastor, of the
church in N., has awakened the spirit of poesy, in one
of the young members, whose first effort has produced
the lines below.

For Zion's Advocate.

MY PASTOR.

When rushing on the way to hell,
Where satan reigns and devils dwell,
Who did my end, my doom foretell?

My Pastor.

When firm on death, my soul was bent,
Well pleas'd to sin, nor would repent,
Whose heart with anguish then was rent?

My Pastor's.

At length when each remonstrance fail'd,
And mad with rage, I him assail'd,
Whose prayer in secret then prevail'd?

My Pastor's.

When smit by God's Almighty hand,
Beneath whose wrath, no one can stand,
Whose help was sought with no demand?

My Pastor's.

Who ready stood to heed my call,
To turn to sweet the bitter gall,
Thought oft have caused his tears to fall?

My Pastor.

Who kindly soothed my troubled breast,
As on my heart God's love impress'd,
How Jesus died to make me blest?

My Pastor.

When unbelief had sealed my eyes,
And chained my faith, lest I should rise,
Who bore me frequent to the skies?

My Pastor.

When now the Savior heard my cry,
And washed my guilt of deepest dye,
To whom in rapture did I fly?

My Pastor.

Who waiting bade a welcome hail,
And joyful heard the willing tale,
And pray'd my faith might never fail?

My Pastor.

As oft as sin and Satan strove,
To blant my love, recall my woes,
So oft for me, whose pray's arose?

My Pastor's.

So when thy foes around thee press,
To crush thy hope, thy soul distress,
Twill be my turn to shield thy breast,

My Pastor.

And when thy work shall all be done,

in the life. I fol-
monies of the poor
and the distressed
referred to above.

"A man, who had
had not forgotten
words weighed up
felt that "by the
could say, "I am

This is an insta-
that charity which
Let Christian minis-
Christ than about
Luther. Let them
of the Bible, and
ers the religion of
acries of God, and
power in the mini-
will not be known.

Another instan-
ed which will we
qually genuine wi-
you shall know it
the praise.

Yours,

Ingouville, Ma-
[S]

Manufactur-

The improvem-
machinery within
been astonishingly
sion of the man-
which was felt wi-
in England and i-
or five years in si-
time of the China-
ufacturers, driven
ingenuity, by the
introduce more imp-
in five years th-
for twenty-five ye-
It is stated by co-
have visited the t-
the Atlantic, that
cotton machinery
was much in aro-
but that during t-
chinery used for
land, has been in
United States, th-
this time adopted
with others of th-

An English f-
eight or nine yea-
capability of the
exceed the powe-
spindles; and th-
mules now in t-
wards of 2000 sq
a mill of the pre-
ed machinery, is
a given quantity